

ONE DAY AND A HALF IN THE LIFE OF A TOBACCO CHEWER.

SATURDAY, October 10th, 1835.

Took my hat for a walk; wife, as wives are apt, to begin to load me with messages upon seeing me ready to go out. Asked me to call at Cousin M——'s and borrow for her the Sorrows of Werter. Hate to have a wife read such pamby stuff—but must humor her with whims, and concluded that I had rather she would take pleasure over Werter's sorrows than employ her tongue in making 'sorrows' for your humble servant.

Got to Cousin M——'s door. Now Cousin M. is an old maid, and a dreadful old woman. Like tidy women well enough, but can't bear your dreadful old ones, because I am always in dread while on their premises lest I should offend their superlative neatness by a bit of gravel on the sole of my boot, or such matter.

Walked in, delivered my message, and seated myself in one of her cane bottom chairs, while she rummaged the book case. Forgot to take out my candlestick before I entered, and while she hunted, felt the tide rising. No spitbox in the room. Windows closed. Floor carpeted. Stove varnished. Look to the fireplace—full of flowers, and hearth newly dusted with Spanish brown. Here was a fix. Felt the flood of essence of candlestick accumulating. Regan to reason with myself whether as a last alternative it were better to drown the flowers, redoubt the hearth, or flood the carpet. Mouth in the mean time pretty well filled. To add to my misery she began to ask questions. "Did you ever read this book?" "Yes, ma'am," said I in a voice like a frog from the bottom of a well, while I wished book, mat and all, were with Pharoah's host in the Red Sea. "How do you like it?" continued the indefatigable querist. I threw my head on the back of the chair and mouth upward to prevent an overflow. "Pretty well," said I. She at last found the Sorrows of Werter and came toward me. "O dear! Cousin Oliver, don't put your head on the back of the chair; now don't, you'll grease it, and take off the gilding." I could not answer her having now lost the power of speech entirely, and my cheeks were distended like those of a toad under a mushroom. "Why Oliver," said my persevering tormentor, unconscious of the reason of my appearance, you are sick, I know you are, your face is dreadfully swelled, and before I could prevent her, her harshness was clapped to my distended nostrils. As my mouth was closed imperturbably, the offices in my nasal organ were at that time my only breathing place. Judge, then, what a commotion a full snuff of harshness created among my olfactorys.

I boiled for the door, and a hearty ache relieved my proboscis, and tobacco, chyle, &c., all at once disgorged from my mouth, restored me the faculty of speech. Her eyes followed me in astonishment, and I returned and relieved my embarrassment by putting a load on my conscience. I told her I had been trying to relieve the toothache by the temporary use of tobacco—while truth to tell, I never had an aching fang in my head. I went home mortified.

SUNDAY FORENOON.

Friend A——invited myself and wife to take a seat with him to hear the celebrated Mr.——preach. Conducted by neighbor A——to his par. Mouth as usual, full of tobacco, and—horror of horrors!—found the pew elegantly carpeted with white and green—two or three mahogany crickets, and a hat-stand—but no spit-box. The services commenced—every deal on the organ was answered by an internal appeal from my mouth for a liberation from its contents—but the thing was impossible. I tried to use my hat for a spit-box—then of turning one of the crickets—but I could do nothing unperceived. I took out my handkerchief, but found in the plenitude of her officiousness, that my wife had placed one of her white cambrics in my pocket instead of my handkerchief. Here was a dilemma. By the time the preacher had named his text, my cheeks had reached their utmost tension, and I must spit or die.

I arose, seized my hat, and made for the door. My wife—confounded these women how they dog one about!—managing me unwell, she might have known better, got up and followed me out. Are you unwell Oliver? said she, as the door closed after us. I answered her by putting out the eyes of an unlooky dog with a fuff of expressed essence of candlestick. "I wish," said she, "Mr. A——had a spit-box in his pew." "So do I," we footed it home in moody silence. I was sorry my wife had lost the sermon, but how could I help it? These women are so affectionate, confound them; no I don't mean so. But she might have known what ailed me, and kept her seat.

Tobacco! O tobacco! But the deeds of that day are not told yet. After the conclusion of services along came farmer Ploughshare. He had seen me go out of church and stopped at the open window where I sat. "Sick to day, Mr.——?" "Rather unwell," answered I, and there was another lie to place to the account of tobacco. "We had powerful preaching, Mr.——, sorry you had to go out." My wife asked him in, and in he came; she might know he would, but women must be so polite. But she was the sufferer by it—Compliments over, I gave him my chair at the open window. Down he sat, and fumbling in his pockets, he drew forth a formidable plug of tobacco and commenced untwisting it. "Then you use tobacco," said I. "Little occasionally," said he, as he deposited from 3 to 4 inches in his cheek. I mentally pitied those who use more. "A neat fence that of your'n," as flood after flood bespattered a newly painted white fence near the window. "Yes," said I, but I like a darker color." "So do I," answered Ploughshare, "and yaller suits my notion. It don't show dirt." And he moistened my carpet with his favorite color. Good thought! I; wife will ask him in again, I guess. We were now summoned to dinner.

Farmer Ploughshare seated himself. I saw his long finger in that particular position in which a tobacco chewer knows how to put his digits when about to unlade. He drew them across his mouth; I trembled for the consequences, should he throw such a load upon the hearth or the floor. But he had no intention thus to waste his quid, and—shocking to relate—deposited it beside his plate on my wife's damask cloth.

This was too much. I plead sickness and rose. There was no lie in the assertion now, I was sick. I retired from the table, but my departure did not discompose farmer Ploughshare, who was unconscious of having done wrong. I returned in season to see him replace his quid in his mouth to undergo a second mastication; and the church bell opportunely ringing, called him before he could use his plate for a spit-box—for such I was persuaded, would have been his next motion. I went up stairs, and throwing myself on the bed, fell asleep. Dreams of inundation, floods and fire harassed me. I thought I was burning and smoking like a cigar. I then thought the Merrimack had burst its banks and was about to overflow me with its waters. I could not escape the water had reached my chin—I tasted it, it was like tobacco juice. I coughed and screamed and awaking, found I had been to sleep with a quid in my mouth. My wife entered at the moment I threw away the filthy weed—Huz, if I were you I would not use that stuff any more.

"I won't," said I. Neither fig nor twist, pigtail nor cavendish, have passed my lips since nor ever shall they again.

INSUBORDINATION—BAD COMPANY.

Habits of insubordination at home, and the company of bad boys abroad, are the two great sources of evil, which undermine so much of what moral and religious instructions would otherwise effect. The current of paternal mercy is setting toward instruction to such an extent, as to overtake altogether its power—and the immense injury which comes in from such sources as bad company and insubordination, is overlooked and forgotten. What folly, to think that a boy can play with the profane, impure, passionate boys which herd in the streets, six days in a week, and have the stains all wiped away by being compelled to learn his Sunday school lesson on the seventh, or that children who make the kitchen or the nursery scenes of riot and noise, from the age of three to eight years, will be prepared for anything in after life but to carry the spirit of insubordination and riot wherever they may go. No; children should be taught, most certainly, but they must also be taken care of. They must be governed at home, and be kept from contaminating influence from abroad, or they are ruined. If parents ask how we shall make our children obey, we answer in the easiest and pleasantest way you can, but at all events make them obey. If you ask how shall we keep our boys from bad company, we answer, too, in the easiest and pleasantest way you possibly can, but at all events keep them out of the streets. The alternative, it seems to us, is as clear and decided as any which circumstances ever made up for man—you must govern your children and keep them away from the contamination of vice, or you must expect to spend your old age in mourning over the ruins of your family.

Abbot's Lecture.

THE HUMBLE SOUL IS PECULIARLY THE DIVINE FAVORITE.

This is abundantly evident if we consider the example and doctrines of Christ, who was given as our pattern and teacher, and if we further meditate upon the express declarations of God. Christ not only practiced humility but taught it in the clearest precepts, and enforced it in the strongest reasons. He laid aside the glories of the God-head, and confined himself in a human body. He changed his sovereignty for the form of a servant, his glory for our vile condition. In his nativity he took the lowest place among men. In the hovel of Bethlehem the King of Glory made his first appearance. He submitted to the ceremonial or finances though he was free from impurity. In his whole life he taught humility to be the foundation of all virtue. When to confirm the faith of man he performed miracles, he always shrunk from the applause which the rays of his Divinity bursting through the cloud of his humiliation were powerful to elicit. He did not scruple to wash the feet of his own disciples, even of him whose treacherous soul was then revolving the destruction of his Master. He who could still tempt—ject devils—and command legions of angels, might in an instant have crushed his enemies, but he chose by his submission to teach proud man humility which received his highest plaudis in his last groan upon the cross.

Thus did he who was given to be our exemplar practice this virtue so much neglected by those who profess to follow him.

But who were those who most attracted his notice, and were commonly the recipients of his favors? Those who received the hosannas of the world? No—the poor, the blind, the halt, and the maimed. And who received his highest commendation? The centurion who felt that he was not worthy that Christ should come under his roof. The Syrophenician who only claimed a dog's portion. The man who more resembled the dejected Pharisee, than the inflated Pharisee. Humility is the gift of God, and the effect of the divine spirit working in our hearts. God resisteth the proud and giveth grace to the humble. They shall shine and grow under the genial influence of divine grace, while the proud, like the mountains of Gilead, are withered and dry because they have not the dew of the Spirit.

The omniscient eye specially and with favor, beholds the lowly and the upright.—"Thus saith the Lord, the heaven is my throne and the earth is my footstool: where is the house which you build me, and where is the place of my rest? For all those things hath mine hand made, and all those

things have been said the Lord, but to this man will I look, even to him, that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word." The humble soul is the object of his peculiar love and care. "Thus saith the high and lofty one who inhabiteth eternity whose name is holy—I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones. To them he says, as he said of Zion, "This is my rest, here will I dwell, for I have a delight therein." And for what end will he dwell in the heart of the humble? It is to revive and comfort them. And he will give them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness. As God dwells with the humble here, so shall the humble dwell with him hereafter, in immortal glory. "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." They shall express their self-abasement by casting their crowns at the feet of the Saviour—at the foot of his throne—saying, "Thou only art worthy to receive blessing, and honor, and glory, and praise." Say now is not the humble soul the peculiar favorite of the most high God?

But why are they regarded with singular complacency? Is there any thing meritorious in such a frame of the soul? By no means. But it is a disposition which was ordained for the manifestation of its pureness, richness, and glory, that God's name might be magnified through eternal ages. The proud man arrogates to himself the merit of his actions and attainments. Thus he corrupts the gifts of God, and converts them to his own glory, and the nourishment of his pride. But the humble soul uses with fidelity the divine gifts, not arrogating glory to himself, but gratefully acknowledging the bounty of God, and making suitable returns of praise. He abandons a legal righteousness, and as a helpless sinner bows at the feet of sovereign mercy, depending upon Christ for life, righteousness, and salvation.

Humility is a fruit of the spirit, the work of God's immediate influences—it is the link that unites the saved to the Saviour—the linement that proclaims the relationship of him who has been born again to Him who is the author of his new existence. It resembles us to Jesus, who, though the brightness of his father's glory and the express image of his person appeared in the form of a servant.

Humility has been said to be "the capacity for all virtues," and rightly; for no virtue can be attained without it. If our readers trust that they are of the spirit of Christ, let them examine themselves as to the depth, and extent of this feeling in them. To the question upon what are your hopes of the divine favor grounded?—Humility would reply, upon the mediation and righteousness of Christ. And it is this reliance which gives holiness and confidence in approaching the throne of Grace. Do you ascribe the preservation of your soul from death only to the divine mercy and forbearance? As the mercies of God accumulate upon you do you feel more lowly still? The nearer the humble soul is admitted to God, the lower he sinks in his own esteem. Looking up to the Father of your spirits, can you say "Whom have I in heaven but thee and there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee—the Lord is my righteousness, and I will go on in his strength, making mention of his righteousness and of his only." Do you groan to be delivered from the burden of your sins?—Are you abased in your own eyes when most esteemed by others? Does the knowledge of apostacies in others increase your gratitude to God who has kept you from falling? Is it your earnest desire to know the will of God, and do you reply upon, and seek his grace, to enable you to do it?

Oh be persuaded by such interrogatories as these honestly and sincerely to try yourselves; and you will soon find, that humility will be the happy result.

Southern Churchman.

From the Christian Intelligencer.

HEAVENLY PATHS.

The temper requisite for securing Eternal Salvation.

1. Come, as lost and undone, hopeless and helpless, to an all-sufficient and merciful Saviour. Cry out, as one sinking amidst waves and tempests, "Lord, save me, or I perish." View his hands and feet, and say as Thomas, "My Lord, and my God; my Christ and my Saviour!" And with Peter plead, "Lord, to whom shall I go? Thou hast the words of eternal life. Thou canst help me out of the deep mire of my sins, and over the fiery gulph of divine wrath, and canst bring me into the blessed presence, and kindest embraces of the God of glory. I stretch out the weak arm of my faith to thee; O, stretch out the strong arm of thy power and mercy, and come and save me!"

2. Come, as an humble and penitent sinner, to an offended Majesty. Come trembling, with tears in your eyes, and deep sorrow in your heart. Come, as one vile in the sight of God, of angels and saints, and especially in your own sight. Like the Publican, not daring to lift up so much as your eyes to Heaven, smile upon your breast, saying, "God be merciful to me a sinner." As the Centurion, "Lord, I am not worthy that thou shouldst come under my roof." Or, as the Prodigal, "I have sinned against Heaven, and am not worthy to be thy servant. Yet there is mercy enough in thy Father's heart, and in thy merits. By sin I have as it were, often fetched blood a fresh from thy wounds, though it ran from thence so freely for my sake; but now a sight of thee breaks my heart, and fills me with godly sorrow."

3. Come as a polluted creature, to a cleansing fountain of grace. Humbly confess, "Not Lazarus with his sores, nor Job with his boils, sitting in the ashes, were so filthy and abominable in the eye of man, as I am, through the plagues of my heart and life, in the sight of a pure and holy God. This filthiness of sin attends me wherever I go. How does it cleave to every duty and every

enjoyment! Unclean! Unclean! Lord, cleanse and purify me in thy blood."

4. Come, as an enslaved creature, to a mighty Redeemer. Complain of the cruel tyranny of sin & Satan; & say, "Lord, thou hast paid a sufficient price. Thou hast redeemed me by thy blood, more precious than ten thousand worlds. Knock off these iron fetters. Rescue me out of this hellish dungeon of sin. I have no command of head or heart, or tongue. How do lusts prevail! How am I fastened to the earth by a carnal heart! If thou, Lord, wilt make me free I shall be free indeed."

5. Come, as a diseased soul, to Christ, the physician of value. Cry out, "O, the plague of a hard heart! O, the agonies of a wounded conscience! Lord here I am, fainting and perishing. O for a drop of thy blood! That reviving cordial! That sovereign Balm! These many years yea, all my life, have I had the bloody issue of sin; If I may but touch the hem of thy garment, I shall be made whole."

6. Come, weary and heavy laden, under the burden of your sins that Christ may give rest to your soul. Does not Paul, after complaining under the pressures of sin, triumph in Christ? So may you, also, if those sins which were once dear to you, are now intolerably odious.

7. Come to Christ, as the poor come to the rich for alms. Come, strip of your self-esteem, trusting in your own righteousness, but confessing your spiritual poverty. Tell the Lord, "Never did a poorer wretch come to Thee for mercy, and grace. Lord, if I perish, it shall be at thy feet. I will not be thrust away from thy door. I want faith, patience, love. O, let thy Spirit open thy promises, and pour their heavenly treasure into my bosom."

8. Come to Christ, hungering and thirsting for spiritual refreshments. Cry to him, "Bread, bread; Lord, give me heavenly food! Let me feed of the crumbs that fall from thy table! Let me drink of the water of life which thou hast to give! A crumb, a drop will be a refreshing cordial. A feast of fat things, of wine, on the less, well refused."

9. Come, sensible of your ignorance, to Christ, for divine teaching. Say, "Lord, thou must teach me, or I shall never learn. I am dull of understanding, but thou teachest thy people to profit. Lord, that I may receive thy spiritual sight! I am come to be thy disciple, to sit at thy feet. O, give me the teachings of thy word and Spirit."

10. Come, weak and insufficient to Christ, as the Captain of our salvation. Plead with him, "Lord, thou must teach my hands to war, and fingers to fight, and fight my battles for me, or I shall fall before my spiritual enemies. As David, against 'the lion, the bear, and the Philistine, so in thy strength will I go forth against corruptions, and temptations, against principalities and powers.'"

11. Come to Christ your advocate, as a condemned criminal. Your accusers are many and politic, active and cruel. The law pronounces you accursed. Your sovereign judge is highly incensed. But Jesus has undertaken for such as you. Entreat him, "Lord, stand between the justice of God, and my perishing soul."

12. Come to your Lord and Master Christ Jesus as a loyal subject and willing servant. Come, and obey, honour and love him, even to death. Tell him "Lord, here is my head to know thee, my tongue to praise thee, my ears to hear thy voice, my hands and feet to execute thy will. 'What wilt thou have me to do? Other Lords besides thee have had dominion over me' but thou only, art my 'Prince and Saviour.' I dislike none of thy commands: but I grieve that I do not more fervently love thee, more cheerfully obey thee."

13. Come as a 'worthless bride' to Christ, your honorable and glorious Head and Husband. Come to him, both for your wedding garment, and matchless portion. Say to him, "Lord, I am vilely descended; by sin a child of Satan, but thou art the Lord from heaven. O, ennoble me by thy Grace! Filthy and deformed as sin hath made me O cover me with thy spotless robes, that 'my shame may not appear!'"

The following is extracted from Bishop McTearne's Charge.

And now, my brethren, in conclusion, suffer a few words of affectionate counsel and exhortation.

1st. Beware of being more anxious to add numbers to the communion of the Church, than to add "such as shall be saved" and will glorify God. There is enough already of such zeal in the Christian community, and grievous is the incubus it is placing upon the bosom of the Church of Christ, and sad the harvest it is rearing for posterity. If we sow to the flesh, we must of the flesh reap corruption. Remember it is the faith of the Church, not its multitude, that constitutes its strength. A little band, "full of the Holy Ghost and of faith," will do more to "overcome the world" than a "mixed multitude," however immense, of the faithless and unholy, the worldly minded and unstable. The former have God to go before them, and his strength is made perfect in their weakness. The latter are a dead weight upon the host—the more helpless, as they become more numerous. When in the array of Gideon there were tens of thousands, it was not ready for the battle. "The people that are with thee, (said the Lord,) are too many for me to give the Midianites into their hands; whosoever is fearful and afraid let him depart." Not till the thirty and two thousand had diminished to three hundred true men, did they become "mighty through God." "Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit saith the Lord."

Remember the word of the Lord: "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit." It is not the number of branches upon the vine, but their faithfulness that glorifies God and honors the gospel. We may multiply branches and they may be dead, mere deformities and encumbrances, hindering the growth of better, and such as the Lord "taketh away." Our vine bearing fruit in its season and well pruned "that it may bring forth more fruit," is of more honor to the husbandman, than a thousand having "leaves only."

Here, then, you see your calling, brethren. —To win souls to Christ, and then to build them up in him, that they may be well established in the faith, and "not soon moved away from the hope of the gospel."

To this end, labor that your people may be well grounded in the knowledge of evangelical doctrine and in discriminating views of great practical principles in religion. No broad and settled foundations can be laid without such knowledge. Neither faith, hope, nor charity, will long abide in the Church militant, when "knowledge shall vanish away." Labor to fix in your people's minds clear views of the lost state of man as depraved by nature and condemned for sin—clear views of his remedy in the renewal of the Holy Ghost and in justification by faith; clear views of the office of faith in our instant reconciliation, and of its fruits in our progressive sanctification; clear views of our need of the Holy Spirit to work in us both to will and to do of God's good pleasure, and of our duty, by that working to give all diligence to work out our own salvation; clear views of Christ, as "made unto us, of God, wisdom and righteousness and sanctification and redemption."

Labor to inculcate clear, discriminating views of the essential life of a Christian, as a hidden life—"hid with Christ in God"—a life, the springs of which are not fed by human excitement; nor dependent upon human instruments; nor subject to the changes of earthly things—of a life that draws its nourishment from within the veil; does the chief of its work within the veil; seeks the sweetest of its joys within the veil;—a life of "faith that worketh by love"—an active life, but active without fainting, because its springs are often becoming fresh and new in secret contemplation and prayer—such a life as makes the Christian feel that it is not he that lives, but Christ that liveth in him. Teach your people the way to Christ in every thing and for every thing. Be much in the habit in your ministry of carrying out this hidden life into the various applications of its principle, shewing, by line upon line, the several practical results to which it leads in spirit and action, in private and public, in domestic and social relations. More instruction is needed without more exposition of Scripture and less formal dissertation—more distinct setting forth of doctrines by their practical bearings, and of practice as connected with, and only resulting from, the great doctrines of the gospel. We need to have more sowing of the seed of the word, as it comes fresh and immediately from the Bible, and less of that admixture of man's wisdom in which they who deal at second hand are so apt to exhibit it.

Let your preaching, my brethren, in these days especially, be much upon the distinctive features of the Christian character; the evidences of a new heart; the various counterfeits under which delusion may be masked; the duty and evidence of growth in grace. Initiate your Master in bringing every hidden affection to the test of its fruits. Measure it by its obedience to whatsoever the Lord hath commanded.

Labor to promote a great deal of secret prayer. How many lamps go out because they are not fed by such prayer. How has the most fine gold become dim, because of neglect of the praying that is "without ceasing"—that always prays and never faints. You cannot do a better work for the revival of religion and the glory of God than to promote a more steady habit and a more earnest spirit in secret prayer.

For all these ends, brethren, you need no new instruments or devices; but only that you use the old ones with which Paul fought his good fight, and Timothy did the work of an evangelist, with more of their devoted, fervent, believing mind. "Preach the word; be instant in season, out of season." "Study to show yourselves approved unto God, workmen that need not be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." "Let the word of Christ, dwell in you richly in all wisdom." "Be instant in prayer."

But what can ye do except ye be holy! How can ye shine as lights in the world, or promote the growth of your people and the revival of religion and the advancement of the Church in all spirituality of mind, except ye be holy! How can ye recommend the unspeakable preciousness of Christ and the joy unspeakable of his great salvation, except as ye know him and are daily receiving out of his fulness! Follow after more holiness, if ye would attain more usefulness! Who can calculate what fruits of blessedness the ministry would be daily yielding, how the life, vigor, glory of the Church would increase, if, to be spiritually minded, to be constrained by the love of Christ and crucified with him—to walk with God—to be dead to the world; and "holy in all manner of conversation," were much more the hungering and thirsting of those who preach the word. "Be ye holy, because the Lord your God is holy."

And "Now the God of peace that brought again from the dead, our Lord Jesus Christ, the great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work, to do his will, working in you that which is well pleasing in his sight, through Christ Jesus; to whom be glory forever. Amen."

From the Presbyterian.

MISSIONARY CARD—SHIP CHARLES WHARTON.

Bay of Bengal, March 18th, 1836.

Dear Sir—The Missionaries who sailed from Philadelphia for India November 1835, in the ship Charles Wharton, are desirous to perform a duty which they feel they owe to the owners, the Captain, Officers, and Crew of the said ship, by publicly expressing their gratitude for the excellent accommodations and liberal provision made for their voyage, and the kind attentions which they have uniformly received while on board; which, together with the accompanying blessing of our heavenly Father have rendered the voyage (although not a very speedy one) a scene of uninterrupted peace and mutual satisfaction.

We feel under special obligations to Captain Samuel Dolby, and his officers, for their unwearied efforts to promote our comfort.

From the first day of our embarkation until the present, nothing within the reach of their power has been left undone, which could in any way promote either our happiness or usefulness. Every facility we could desire has been granted for holding religious meetings on deck, on the Sabbath, and the evenings of week days; and also for private intercourse with the seamen. The consequence has been, that the Lord has blessed our humble efforts to do them good. He has given testimony to the word of his grace, and granted us a time of refreshing from his presence.

A number of those who, when we left America were enemies to God in their minds and by wicked works, have, we trust, been reconciled through the death of his Son, and are now rejoicing in the hope of the glory of God; and we think that we have reason to believe these hopes are resting upon the sure foundation which God has laid in Zion.

While we desire that all the glory of this work may be given to God—that all these trophies of redeeming grace may be laid at the feet of our Immanuel, and that He may be crowned "Lord of all," yet we think, that the countenance and aid which we have received from Captain Dolby and the officers have been owned and blessed of God for promoting his own work. And in this case we have another instance of the Grace and faithfulness of our Covenant God.—Those who have thus honored him, He has honored and blessed, by making themselves (as we humbly trust) partakers of his heavenly Gift.

Knowing that it will be gratifying to our friends in America, and to all the friends of the Redeemer, to know these facts; if you will give this a place in your paper, and request a few of your contemporaries to do the same, you will confer a favour upon your Brethren in the work of our common Lord.

M. WISLAW,
JAMES McEWEN,
R. O. DWIGHT,
JAMES R. CAMPBELL,
W. S. ROGERS,
JESSE M. JAMIESON,
JOSEPH PORTER.

CHOICE OF A PASTOR.

Formerly, when a respectable society became vacant, the question was, where shall we find a young man of piety, and talents competent to fill the vacancy? Now the more common remark is, "a young man will do for us." We must have a minister, not of first rate talents only, but of age and experience;—and as such are rarely out of employ, the next thing is to look over the length and breadth of the land for some one who is either about to leave his people, or who, it is thought, may be induced to listen to a call. Now, we think this policy in most cases, both cruel and unwise. We are no advocates for bringing young men, however promising, into the ministry at a very early age. On the contrary, it is, and has long been our deliberate judgment, that the nearer thirty a man is, when he takes upon him the pastoral office, the better. But it is our strong conviction also, that churches would be great gainers, for the most part, by returning to "the old paths," and calling young men, instead of looking out for settled ministers, to fill their vacancies. There is a freshness and an ardor in a man's early labors, which we can scarcely expect to find later in life. And then, the young people and children, the rising hope of every congregation, are much more likely to become ardently attached to a young minister, than to one who is considerably advanced in life.

We believe it would be found, upon a careful and extended investigation of the subject, that even in large societies, men, who were never settled before, have sustained themselves as well in the long run, as those who on account of their age and experience, have been taken from other parishes. They may not be able to do as much the first year, nor even the second; but they will be all the while gaining. If a congregation is so large, that a young man of good health and talents cannot safely take charge of it, let it be divided, or if the house is so large, or so badly constructed, that no ordinary voice can fill it, then let it be pulled down, and a new one be erected in its place.

[Dr. Humphrey, in Lit. and Theol. Review.

NEW SPRING AND SUMMER Goods.

D. B. McARN

ANNOUNCES to his customers that he has just received a very large and unusually complete assortment of seasonable GOODS, which were selected by himself with much care and attention in New York. He therefore feels confident that he is prepared to sell as low as can possibly be afforded in this market. He cordially invites all to call and examine. Merchants from the country will find it an object to call. He may be found in about two weeks at his old stand on Front Street. Among his Goods is a great variety of colored print muslins, Gingham, Calicoes, Swiss, Jaconet & plaid muslins, black & colored, silk fancy Hdkfs, Gloves, Stockings, Lace, Parasols, Linens, a large assortment of Gentlemen's summer wear.

April 19, 1836.

Scripture Geography, OR A COMPANION TO THE BIBLE. BEING a Geographical and historical account of the places mentioned in the Holy Scriptures, accompanied by three maps; and embellished with nearly one hundred engravings illustrative of the heathen deities, nations and countries mentioned in scripture, and of the subsequent history and present state of these countries, embracing a copious dictionary of the Bible. For sale at the Bookstore.

Books.

Rollin's Ancient History, Robertson's work's Marshall's life of Washington, Washington's writing's by Sparks vols. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, Ramsay's Universal History, Plutarch's Lives, Mitford's Greece. Life and writings of John Jay, Bancroft's U. States. England and American, Rush's Memorabilia.

NEW BOOKS.

Just received at the books store the following among others—Calvin on Romans, Hodge on Romans, life of Calvin, McLaurin's essays on happiness, God's better covenant, The nature of conviction of sin, and conversion illustrated in the narratives of the conversion of eminent christians, by Dr. Humphrey's.